

M A R V E L[®] C O M I C S



EXILES[™]

3

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SIX STRANGERS, EACH AN X-MAN FROM A DIFFERENT REALITY, BROUGHT TOGETHER TO INSURE THAT LIFE AS WE KNOW IT DOESN'T CEASE TO EXIST! BLINK — TELEPORTER; MIMIC — POWERED BY HIS REALITY'S X-MEN; SUNFIRE — MISTRESS OF FLAME; T-BIRD — SUPER-STRENGTH AND SENSES; NOCTURNE — DAUGHTER OF NIGHTCRAWLER; AND MORPH — SHAPE-CHANGING FUNNY MAN. DESTINED TO FIX THE KINKS IN THE CHAINS OF REALITY, STAN LEE PRESENTS THE

EXILES



They are the EXILES.

THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENING!

ARE WE BACK IN TIME? I DON'T RECALL THE TIMEBROKER SAYING ANYTHING ABOUT HOPPING AROUND TIME PERIODS!

NO, MIMIC.

THE TALLUS SAYS WE'RE IN THE SAME YEAR AS WE LEFT. THIS WORLD IS JUST ON AN ALTERNATE TIMELINE. A SLOWER ONE, I SUPPOSE.

SO THIS IS AN ALTERNATE WORLD, THEN, BLINK?

Mimic.

T-Bird.

Sunfire.

Blink.

Morph.

Nocturne.

YES, NOCTURNE.

AND I UNDERSTAND THAT YOU'RE ALL INTIMATELY FAMILIAR WITH THIS SETTING.

FAMILIAR? WE'VE PLOPPED DOWN INTO THE MIDDLE OF A HISTORICAL EVENT! LIKE WE'RE STEPPING INTO THE BEGINNING OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION!

MORE LIKE THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION, MORPH...

I MEAN... GOD... WE'RE REALLY HERE...



WE'RE AT
THE TRIAL OF THE
PHOENIX!

OLD WOUNDS, NEW BATTLES

PART 1 OF 2

These are the *X-Men*. The
second incarnation of their
legendary team.

To some they are
considered the *greatest*
heroes ever collected.

And to some...this was
their darkest hour.

When they lost
one of their own.

When they lost
Jean Grey.

WE HAVE TO GET
OUT OF THE CARGO
DECK! NOW,
CLARICE! LET'S
MOVE!

WHY,
CALVIN? WHAT'S
UP?

WOLVERINE.

I'M NOT SURE *HOW MANY*
OF US HE KNOWS IN THIS
REALITY, BUT HE'LL SENSE
THE ONES HE'S *FAMILIAR*
WITH IF WE STAY HERE
TOO LONG!

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THIS OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK. WE CAN JUST SPREAD IT AROUND ON THE GROUND. IT'S STRONG ENOUGH TO COVER ANY SCENT.

I SHOULD SAY SO. UCK-- GOD-- IT WOULD HAVE TO WORK REAL HARD TO SMELL AS GOOD AS *BARF*.

OH, DON'T BE LIKE *THAT*, T.J.! WE SHOULD BE *THANKFUL* WE CAN ENJOY SUCH FLORA WHILE IN DEEP SPACE!

FOR ONCE, I AGREE WITH MORPH.

CLARICE, ANY WORD FROM THE *TALLIS* AS TO WHAT OUR MISSION IS?

YES. APPARENTLY HALF OF THE SHI'AR'S IMPERIAL GUARD WERE KILLED RECENTLY WHILE ON A DIPLOMATIC MISSION TO A DISTANT PLANET. A STAR WENT SUPERNOVA.

IN THE TRIAL BY BATTLE FOR JEAN GREY'S FREEDOM, THE X-MEN WILL WIN.

JEAN WILL NOT SACRIFICE HERSELF.

...IS TO MAKE SURE THAT *JEAN GREY DIES*.

OUR JOB... WELL...



ALL RIGHT.

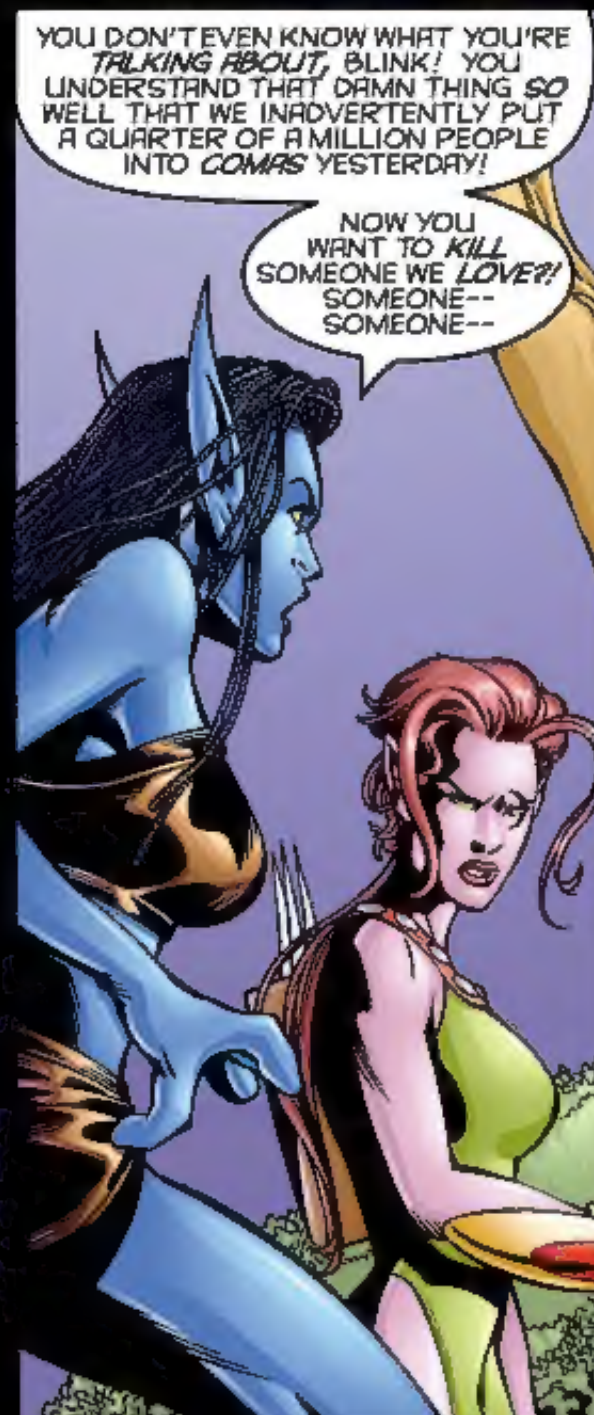
AS DISTURBING AS THAT SEEMS, IT'S NOT THAT BIG A DEAL.

RIGHT. THAT'S *NOT* AUNT JEAN. THAT'S THE *PHOENIX FORCE*. EVERYONE-- INCLUDING THE *FORCE ITSELF*-- THINKS THAT IT'S REALLY JEAN GREY.

BUT JEAN IS ACTUALLY IN A STATE OF *SUSPENDED ANIMATION* AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PACIFIC.

NO, SHE ISN'T, CALVIN. NOT ON THIS WORLD.

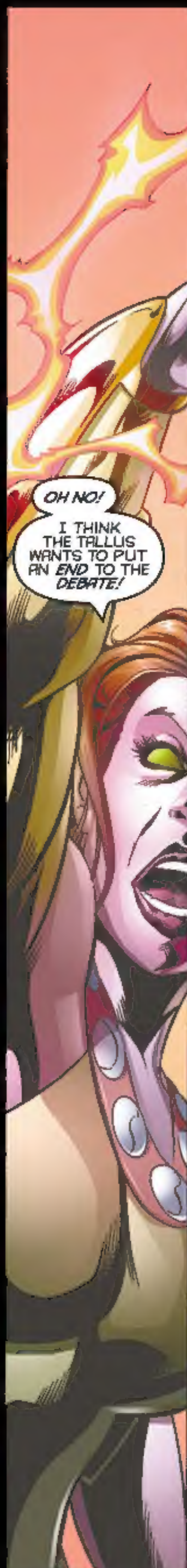
THIS IS JEAN GREY.





T.J. IS RIGHT. WE ARE *NOT* DOING THIS. THERE HAS TO BE A WAY OUT WITHOUT KILLING HER.

MORPH HAD A GOOD SUGGESTION. WE'LL GO AND EXPLAIN OUR SITUATION TO THE X-MEN, AND TOGETHER--



OH NO!
I THINK THE TALLUS WANTS TO PUT AN END TO THE DEBATE!



Time, by nature, does not explain itself. It unfolds without oration.

In the case of our unwilling nomads, their course has to be rigidly maintained.

And the risk in deviating from their path is apparently *too great* to be tolerated.

Their heads are filled with visions of what will come should they fail.

The devastation that will be wrought at the hands of a *hero*.

A leader.

A friend.

The Tallus shows them the *worst* of it.

So real, they feel they are a part of it.

First, she murders everyone close to her. The dark part of her realizing they might have been able to *reach* her.

Her heart safely cloaked in shadow, she then destroys the world's most populated cities.

The Exiles feel the flames lick them as if they were in the center of the firestorms. They hear the screams of the innocents.

They smell the charred flesh.

The *Earth* itself is the next victim.

And then she swallows the *sun*.

This is *nine days* from today.





SO.

NOW YOU
KNOW.

WHAT DO
YOU WANT TO DO
ABOUT IT?



WHAT
CAN WE
DO?

WE DON'T
HAVE ANY
CHOICE...



...WE
HAVE TO KILL
HER.



Disguised in case of run-ins with the X-Men, the Exiles present themselves to Lilandra-- Majestrix Shi'ar, Empress.

They claim to be warriors from a distant quadrant of space that was attacked by Phoenix. Mimic's knowledge of past and present events makes the deception easy.

He offers their services...

...TO
FULFILL OUR
BLOOD OATH,
EMPRESS. IT IS
OUR DUTY TO SEEK
VENGEANCE. AND AN
HONOR TO SERVE
UNDER YOUR
RULE.

Their offer is gratefully accepted.

With their request to remain at a safe distance from their "competitors", they are provided with quarters and privacy.



And all of them pass the time doing what they can to avoid dwelling upon the task that awaits them.

SO WHAT'S YOUR STORY, HOTSTUFF? HOW DID YOUR TIMELINE GET THE ROYAL SCREW-UP?

WELL, INSTEAD OF FLAME, MY POWERS MANIFESTED AS UNCONTROLLABLE ATOMIC RADIATION. YOU?

I BECAME AN ECTOPLASMIC-LIKE GOO SITTING COMATOSE IN A JELLY JAR IN THE BEAST'S FRIDGE.

NICE.

TELL ME 'BOUT IT, MARIKO...





YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH THIS BEFORE, RIGHT, CAL? DID YOU FIGHT IN THE TRIAL?

NO, IT WAS DURING A PERIOD OF TIME WHEN I WAS WITH THE DEFENDERS.

GEEZ, SERIOUSLY?

YES, NOT MY FINEST HOUR. YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN MY COSTUME...

WELL, I THINK I'VE STARED INTO SPACE LONG ENOUGH. I'M GOING TO POKE AROUND A LITTLE BIT AND THEN TURN IN.

NOT TOO MUCH POKING AROUND, T.J. WE CAN'T BE SURE THAT THE PSYCHIC DAMPENERS ARE ACTUALLY WORKING. THE PROFESSOR MIGHT NAIL US.

RIGHT.

KEEP YOUR MASK UP AND PUT MORE OF THAT NECTAR ON TO COVER YOUR SCENT.

GOTCHA.

AND, T.J...

...NO SNEAKING A LOOK AT YOUR DAD.

TOO RISKY.

YEAH ...ALL RIGHT...



I IMAGINE THIS IS PRETTY DIFFICULT FOR HER ... WELL, FOR ALL OF YOU, REALLY.

YEAH... UNIMAGINABLE IN SOME WAYS.

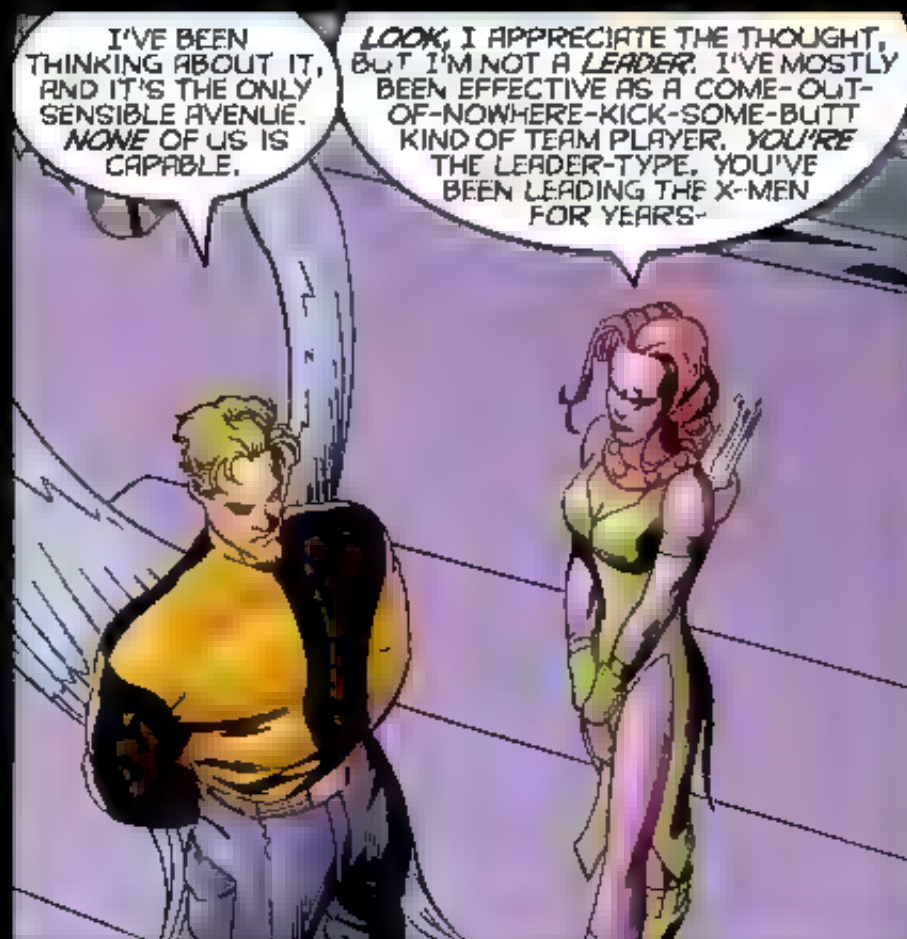




YOU HAVE TO LEAD THE TEAM, CLARICE.



EXCUSE ME?



I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT, AND IT'S THE ONLY SENSIBLE AVENUE. NONE OF US IS CAPABLE.

LOOK, I APPRECIATE THE THOUGHT, BUT I'M NOT A LEADER. I'VE MOSTLY BEEN EFFECTIVE AS A COME-OUT-OF-NOWHERE-KICK-SOME-BUTT KIND OF TEAM PLAYER. YOU'RE THE LEADER-TYPE. YOU'VE BEEN LEADING THE X-MEN FOR YEARS-



BUT THESE AREN'T THE X-MEN AND THIS ISN'T MY WORLD.

BEFORE PROFESSOR X BROUGHT ME IN, BEFORE...BEFORE HE SAVED ME, I WAS ON A ROAD LEADING TOWARDS DEATH. I WAS ARROGANT, I WAS GREEDY, AND I HAD MURDER IN ME.

XAVIER GAVE ME SANITY.



BUT DESPITE ALL MY EXPERIENCE, I'M NOT BALANCED LIVING LIKE THIS.

GOD... I HAD TO KILL A VERSION OF CHARLES...

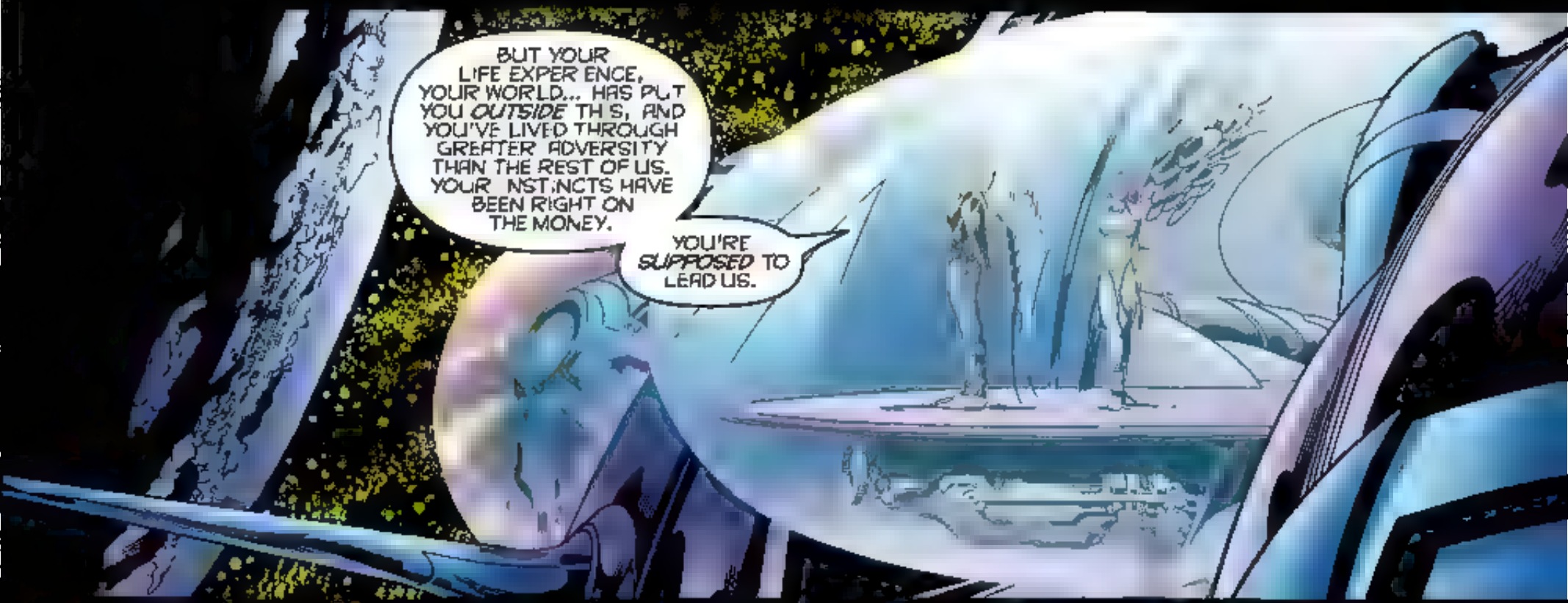
WE'RE CONSTANTLY GOING TO FIND OURSELVES IN SITUATIONS WHERE WE'RE EXPECTED TO BATTLE PEOPLE I THINK OF AS FAMILY.



AND IT ISN'T JUST ME. THE REST OF THEM FEEL THE SAME.

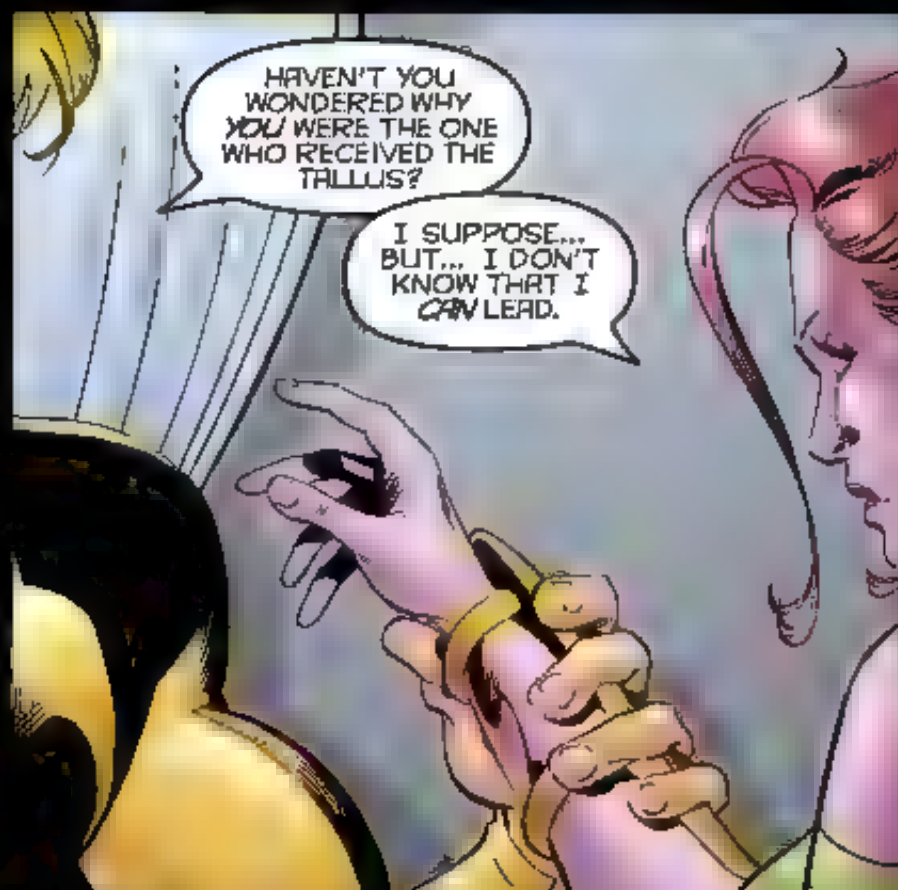
NOCTURNE'S FATHER IS SOMEWHERE ON THIS VESSEL AND ALL SHE WANTS TO DO IS HAVE NIGHTCRAWLER HOLD HER AND TELL HER IT'S GOING TO BE OKAY.

INSTEAD SHE MAY HAVE TO FIGHT HIM TOMORROW... AND HELP BRING ABOUT THE DEATH OF A WOMAN SHE CALLS "AUNT JEAN".



BUT YOUR
LIFE EXPER ENCE,
YOUR WORLD... HAS PUT
YOU *OUTSIDE* TH IS, AND
YOU'VE LIVED THROUGH
GREATER ADVERSITY
THAN THE REST OF US.
YOUR INSTINCTS HAVE
BEEN RIGHT ON
THE MONEY.

YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO
LEAD US.



HAVEN'T YOU
WONDERED WHY
YOU WERE THE ONE
WHO RECEIVED THE
TALLUS?

I SUPPOSE...
BUT... I DON'T
KNOW THAT I
CAN LEAD.



YOU *CAN*. WE'LL ALL
HAVE YOUR BACK,
CLARICE.

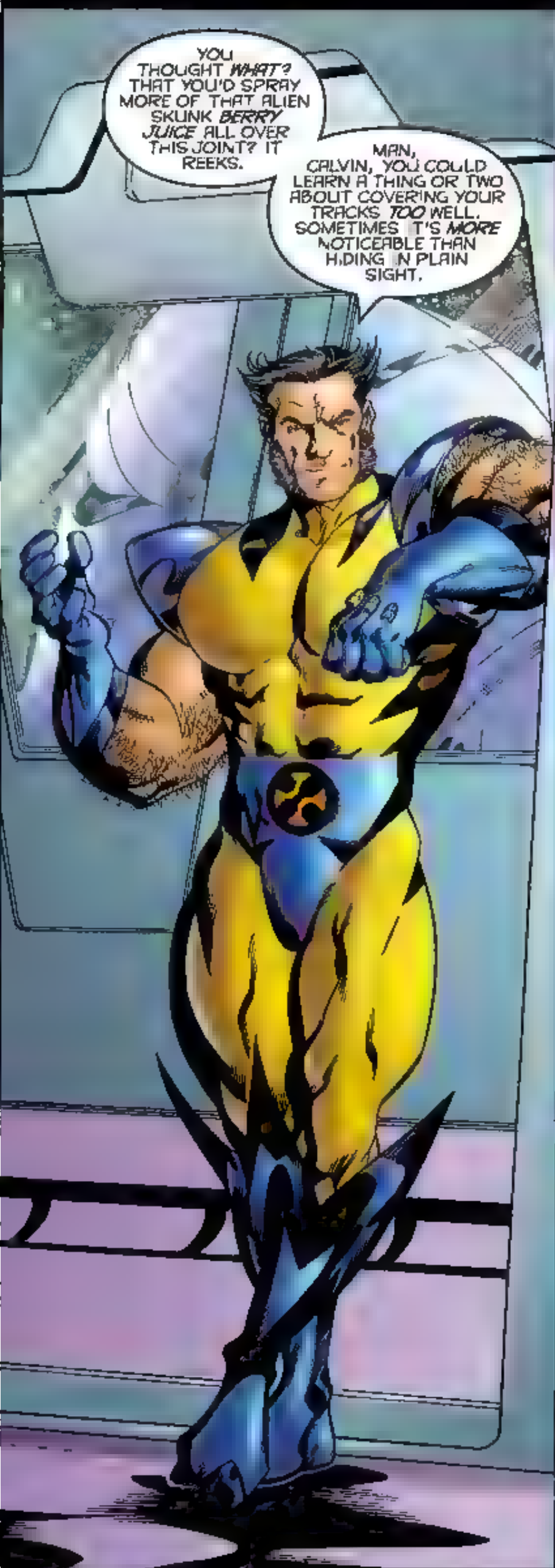
AT LEAST
SLEEP ON IT. WE
CAN TALK MORE
TOMORROW.

ALL
RIGHT.
LET'S DO
THAT.



YOU'RE
BACK? I
THOUGHT
WE--

SHUP



YOU THOUGHT *WHAT?* THAT YOU'D SPRAY MORE OF THAT ALIEN SKUNK BERRY JUICE ALL OVER THIS JOINT? IT REEKS.

MAN, CALVIN, YOU COULD LEARN A THING OR TWO ABOUT COVERING YOUR TRACKS *TOO* WELL. SOMETIMES IT'S *MORE* NOTICEABLE THAN HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT.



SO WHAT'S UP, BUB? AIN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE RUNN' NG AROUND WITH DOC STRANGE AND ICEMAN?

YOU SHOW UP TO LEND JEANNIE MORAL SUPPORT? 'CAUSE WE COULD SURE USE YOU IN THE FIELD...

...BUT WHY THE SMOKE SCREEN?

This is not a reality un-*like* the M' mic's. He and Logan are *friends*. If Calvin Rankin was to get married, Wolverine would be his *best man*



Calvin knows Logan better than most. Better than almost *anyone*.



And he knows he will *never* go along with what the Exies have to do.



He also knows that if you hit Wolverine hard and fast enough, he won't debate. He'll just fight back. But Mimic's hope is to get him down and out *quickly*.

Regardless of the reality, he has no desire to bring injury to his friend.

If only his friend shared that opinion.

AAARGH!!

I'M ALREADY AT A DISADVANTAGE!

I HAVE TO REMAIN IN STEEL FORM TO KEEP FROM BLEEDING TO DEATH, BUT I CAN'T GO INTO "BEAST" ACROBATICS WHEN I WEIGH THIS MUCH!

AND WITH NO VISOR, EYEBEAMS WOULD BE TOO ERRATIC! I GUESS I--



CHUNG

AHH!

NO CHOICE!

HE'S GOING TO KILL ME IF I DON'T GO ALL OUT!

BWAH!

So many times these two have grappled together in the X-Men's Danger Room

Each trying to outdo the other

But this isn't the Danger Room

AHH!

SNKKKIT!

And instincts have begun to take over.

NO, THUNDERBIRD DOESN'T TALK VERY MUCH. HE'S REALLY GOING FOR THE BIG, BROODING, HULKING, MONSTROUS, SILENT TYPE THING.

IN MY WORLD HE WASN'T MUCH OF A CHATTY CATHY EITHER... BUT HE HADN'T BEEN MADE INTO ONE OF APOCALYPSE'S HORSEMEN YET.

WHICH HORSEMAN IS HE?

I THINK ~~MAR~~. HE SEEMS LIKE A WAR, DOESN'T HE?

YOU SEEM TO BE TAKING THIS VERY WELL. AREN'T YOU AT LEAST BIT BOTHERED BY THE FACT THAT WE'VE BEEN TORN FROM OUR OWN REALITIES, FORCED TO RECTIFY OTHERS, AND MIGHT FACE HORRIBLE EXISTENCES IF WE FAIL?

WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, SURE.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP IN MIND, MAR KO, THAT I'VE BEEN AT THIS ALMOST TWO WHOLE DAYS LONGER THAN YOU.

IT'S ALL INSANE, MORPH.

YOU GOT THAT RIGHT. SO WHY BOTHER GETTING ALL BOTHERED? THIS IS THE HAND WE'VE BEEN DEALT. I TRY TO SEE THE LIGHTER SIDE OF EVERY SITUATION. THE DIFFERENCES IN THE REALITIES ALONE ARE A REAL HOOT.

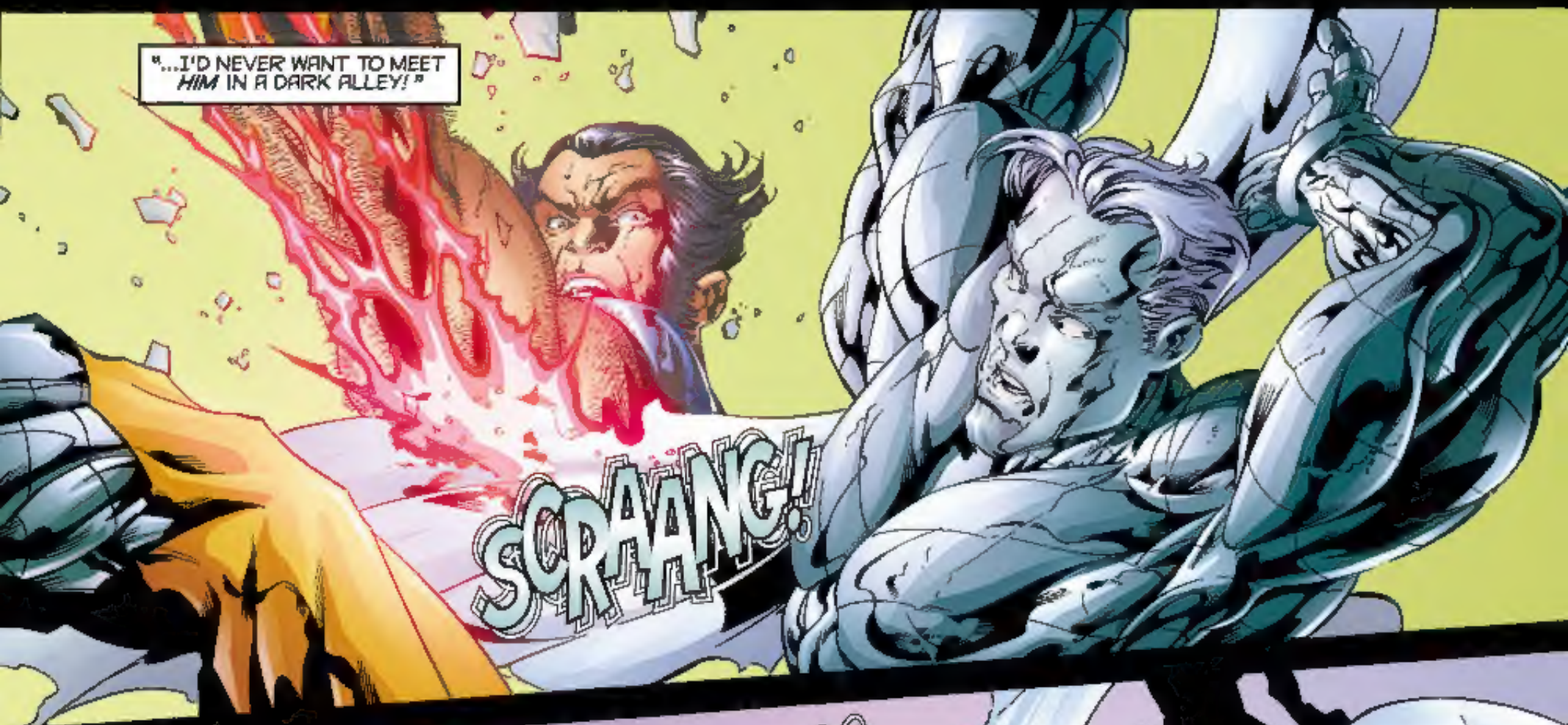
ARE THEY?

OH YEAH! DID YOU KNOW THAT IN MY WORLD, YOU'RE WOLVERINE'S GIRLFRIEND? IT'S TRUE! YOU KIDS KNOCK BOOTS!

REALLY? ODD... BUT HE IS HANDSOME

HANDSOME? I GUESS. IN A PSYCHOPATHIC WEREWOLF-ON-CRACK KIND OF WAY.

BUT HE IS ONE TOUGH MONKEY...



Mimic and Wolverine share many similarities beyond their mutant powers.

It was during one of those longer sessions in a dive Karaoke bar that the latter two of those similarities were in full effect.

Men get drunk for a variety of reasons, and each of these men having a mutant healing factor makes achieving inebriation a Herculean effort.

So, they were putting them back *hard and fast*...

...when something else they shared came up.

Their love of the same woman.

Just two nights after she died, they drank themselves blind.

She never knew how much each of them cared for her.

Now, Calvin has to make sure Jean dies.

And it hurts him too much to put his friend through it, too.

They both share a love of foreign culture. They have surprisingly excellent singing voices that they keep quiet about. And they both *love* beer.

So he hopes he can make Logan unconscious.

Because he knows at this point if he doesn't, Wolverine will probably *kill* him.

ARE YOU NERVOUS, T-BIRD?

NOT AS SUCH, TALIA. I DO NOT CARE FOR WHAT WE HAVE TO DO, BUT OUR ROLE IN THIS SEEMS TO BE GRAVELY NECESSARY.

HEH, YOU CALLED ME *TALIA*. THAT IS SO STRANGE.

WHY IS THAT STRANGE?

OH, NEVER MIND... IT'S SILLY...

IN YOUR WORLD, DID MY BROTHER CALL YOU *TALIA*?

YES.
I KNOW--

BAAAAM

WHAT WAS THAT?

IT CAME FROM THE OBSERVATION DECK!

